

Boston, Sept. 1, 1840.

Dear Friend:

58 I find that, during my absence from England, the spirit of "new organization" spared no pains, and let slip no opportunity, to make me odious with the public, and, especially, to alienate the affections of the colored people from me. They well know that, so long as I retain the confidence of my colored friends, all their machinations against me will prove abortive. Thus far, it has only been the viper gnawing against the file. You will see, by the last number of the Liberator, an account of a great meeting which was held in the Marlboro' Chapel, in this city, by the colored inhabitants, in conjunction with their white friends, in order to give a public welcome to dear Rogers and myself on our return from abroad. It was a most interesting, affecting and sublime spectacle. We were received with great enthusiasm, and deemed it as great an honor as could be conferred upon us by mortals. I wish you could have looked in at the meeting just at the moment when my estimable and much respected colored friend, John T. Hilton, gave me the right hand of fellowship in the presence of the great assembly, and in the name of the colored citizens of Boston. If you could have seen the fervor of his grasp, and the visible emotions of his soul, you would have concurred with me in opinion, that such a reception would more than compensate for a whole life of toil and sacrifice in behalf of "the suffering and the dumb." On the preceding evening, a meeting was got up by the new organizers for Messrs. Colver and Galusha, but it did not amount to any thing: they were largely indebted to the friends of the old society, for their audience. Colver was vulgar and abusive, as usual - perhaps rather more so.

A similar public welcome has since been given to me by the colored inhabitants of Salem, and most delightful it was to my spirit. At the close of my address in this meeting-house, an elegant entertainment was served up in the Masonic Hall, in which some eighty persons, male and female, participated — and at the conclusion of which, highly complimentary speeches were made by a number of white and colored friends. It was, indeed, a joyous occasion. After all the manifestations of gratitude and kindness which have been made towards myself by the colored population of the United States, for so many years past, — to say nothing of the obligations which rest upon me as a moral being, — for me to abandon their cause, come what may to my person or reputation, would be base in the extreme. It is my exalted privilege to be one of their advocates, and I want no other.

Mrs. Chapman was delighted to hear about our movements in England, and particularly all we had to say about yourself. She is as buoyant and active in spirit as ever, and, if possible, even more arduous in her labors. Noble woman!

There is to be a State Anti-Slavery Convention in New-Hampshire next week, and another in Massachusetts during this month, at both of which, Rogers and myself are expected to be present, to give an account of that which never existed — to wit, the World's Convention. We shall show it up in its true light, London Committee and all!

And now for a specimen of American orthodox Quakerism, as it relates to prejudice against a colored complexion. Perhaps our mutual friend William Bassett has sent ^{it} to you already: if so, you will excuse the repetition. In one of the numbers of "The Friend," published in Philadelphia, an extract was inserted from a letter written in London by John T. Norton, ^(one of the delegates to the convention,) giving an account of the manner in

which respectable colored persons were treated on your side of the Atlantic, and of the absence of that prejudice which is so disgraceful to America. Such was the excitement, it seems, created by that little paragraph among the quiet readers of the Friend, that the editor had to come out with the following apology! Hear him!

"Within a few days past, we have received more than one intimation, from respectable sources, that we have been guilty of an indiscretion, by inserting, the week before last, the article headed, "Colored People in London". In answer we may say, that it was copied from one of our exchange papers, with no other view than as showing the kind of feeling with which colored people were regarded there; and, being unaccompanied by note or comment, it was only by a strained inference that we could be supposed to hold it up as an example for imitation among ourselves. We should be very sorry, to be so understood. We are not, nor ever have been connected with the anti-slavery societies; and, although among those associated with them are many estimable individuals, and not a few of them in the list of our particular friends, yet we have uniformly believed, that one of the greatest mistakes committed by the anti-slavery people, is the mixing up with the abolition question, the warfare against what they are pleased to call prejudices in regard to the colored race."

Spirits of Fox, Woolman and Benezet! Here we have the full manifestation of that hateful spirit, which hunts the colored man with blood-hound ferocity on these shores, and makes his life full of wretchedness and misery. Such Quakerism as this is of Satan's own manufacture. I shall wait with some curiosity to see how it will be treated by the Society of Friends in England. I hope you will lay it before them, that we may have a response in due season.

William Bassett has been cut off from the Society in this country! He will, doubtless, give you all the particulars about it.

He is a martyr to the cause of humanity, and has been expelled only because the Society is too corrupt to retain such purity. — His spirit, however, is just as peaceful, his countenance just as benignant, his purpose just as steadfast, as they were before this shameful treatment. The proscription of such a man is one of the most conclusive proofs of the awful condition into which the Society of Friends has fallen in this negro-hating country.

Worward he's plus
welcome on his
return home.

"Friends"

Sept 1 1840

Elizabeth Pease,
Darlington,
England.

The dear babe that was born during my absence is even more beautiful than was either of his brothers at his age. He was very unwell just before my return, so that it was supposed he could not recover; but he was mercifully spared. I have not yet given him a name! Shall we call a "World's Convention" to decide upon it? If so, remember women are not to be included in the call! And yet I am determined to have their decision in the case.

Much do I wish to see you and the other dear friends in England; but as this wish cannot be gratified at present, do not fail to let me hear from you soon. Remember me affectionately to your father, mother, brother, &c.

Yours, truly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.